Not a Race

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/9407891.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Gravity Falls
Relationship:	Stanford Pines/Stanley Pines
Characters:	The Author | Original Stanford Pines, Grunkle Stan | Stanley "Stanford" Pines
Additional Tags:	69 (Sex Position), Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Post-Canon
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2017-01-21 Words: 992 Chapters: 1/1

Not a Race

by orphan_account

Summary

“Well?” Ford said again. “You want to what?”

“Oh.” Stan cupped Ford’s ass and rolled his hips up against Ford. “Suck your dick,” he said. “Usually.” He paused. “Yeah, that was what I was gonna say.”

A 69 fic to celebrate 69 followers on tumblr.

Notes

Make sure to check out the amazing art ahkaraii did for this fic:
http://manoverboard-fic.tumblr.com/post/154671755379/what-time-is-it

“Wanna…*fuck!”*

“That’s the idea,” Ford said, before bending down and sucking the crook of Stan’s shoulder again.

“Smartass,” Stan said. Ford kept kissing him, leaving wet trails up and down his throat, the exposed lines of his clavicles, his shoulders. It was hard to think with Ford on top of him, Ford’s hips slowly, steadily rolling against his, Ford’s clever hands setting sparks off all along Stan’s body. God, it was great when Ford was desperate like this, all of his pent-up energy after an excursion bursting out of him. Stan often had bruises afterwards, which he liked to prod and touch until they’d faded. He liked having the physical proof of Ford everywhere he went, so that it didn’t matter if Ford was in the room – he was *there,* the truth of him at Stan’s wrists, his thighs, his hips.

When Stan didn’t elaborate, instead choosing to tug Ford up by the hair and greedily kiss him, he figured Ford would let it go, that they’d fuck, that it’d be hot and good and leave them sore for the rest of the day. However, Ford sucked on Stan’s tongue, then leaned back. “Well?”

“Huh?” Stan leaned up to keep kissing Ford, but Ford mimicked him, pulling back – it changed the angle of his hips just enough to make Stan gasp and arch up.

“Well?” Ford said again. “You want to what?”

“Oh.” Stan cupped Ford’s ass and rolled his hips up against Ford. “Suck your dick,” he said. “Usually.” He paused. “Yeah, that was what I was gonna say.”

Ford laughed. “Is that all? Easy enough to arrange.” He sat back, but before Stan could follow him up and change positions, Ford set his hands on Stan’s chest. “How about this,” he said. He turned – a bit of an awkward affair, because the bed was cramped and the sea choppy, so that Ford at one point slammed his shoulder into the wall. But once Stan picked up what he was doing, he moaned, encouraging, and put his hands on Ford’s hips, helping walk him back. “There,” Ford said, once his hips were settled over Stan’s face, his hands resting by Stan’s thighs.

Stan would like to say he made quick work of Ford’s belt and pants, but it was an awkward angle, and Ford kept shifting in his efforts to work Stan’s pants off. Finally, Stan made an irritated noise in the back of his throat and smacked Ford’s thigh, hard. “Sit still!”

Ford lifted his shoulders up and dropped his head between his arms to stare at Stan. It was the kind of stare that Stan filed away, even when – especially when? – Ford shook his head without comment and bent to work again. Ford had Stan’s pants open and underwear shucked over his hips before Stan, which was bad news for Ford. Stan gasped and jerked, suddenly not interested in anything other than the hot puff of Ford’s breath on the sensitive skin of his cock.

Still – Stan might be greedy, but not in this, and Ford had mostly gone still. He managed to unlatch Ford's belt, though Ford was doing a good job of distracting him by pressing slow, chaste kisses along Stan's shaft. He yanked Ford's pants and underwear down in one quick motion. Ford's cock bumped into Stan's nose, and he surged up, sucking it into his mouth. Ford gasped against Stan's cock; his hips rolled forward. It didn't bother Stan one bit – he loved it when Ford fucked his face, his hips jerking desperately.

Ford tried to keep up, mouthing and kissing Stan's cock, but Stan, despite his late start, now had the home advantage – he could grab Ford's ass and hold him down, swallowing every last inch of him, sucking steadily. Ford's moans vibrated against Stan's cock. It wouldn't matter if Ford never got around to properly sucking Stan's dick – Stan knew, from experience, that sucking Ford off could be enough for him, and this position was intensifying all of the things that made it good. Ford's thighs trembled on either side of Stan's head; the noises he made rumbled in the space between them, weirdly amplified; the scent of him was overwhelming.

"Not a – race," Ford said, panting hard.

Stan slid his mouth off Ford's cock with a pop and brushed his nose against the crook of Ford's thighs and dick, breathing deep. He loved the smell of Ford's body, all sweat and sex and sharp. "Says the loser," he said.

"I think I'm the one winning, actually." Ford didn't give Stan a chance to reply: He bent down and wrapped his mouth around the sensitive head of Stan's cock, one large hand wrapping around the base and twisting, twisting. Stan groaned, his mouth opening against Ford's dick; he tongued the rim of the head, then sucked Ford down, too.

It was easy enough, from there, to find a rhythm – they moved in tandem, Ford's hips rolling shallowly against Stan's face, Ford's hollowed mouth bobbing hungrily on Stan. Around them, the boat creaked and water hissed in a steady thrum; above them, the antennae squeaked, and gulls croaked. But all Stan knew, for a time, was Ford's body, and the sheer pleasure of having it.

Ford came, first, with a rough squeeze on Stan's thigh to warn him – but Stan didn't need warning, moaned eagerly around Ford's cock and swallowed down his come. That was all Stan needed to follow.

*

"We should check the course," Ford said. His voice was thick with sleep; he was drifting.

"Mmhmm." Stan made no move except to rub Ford's shoulder, slowly.

"It hasn't been that long," Ford continued, "but we're near some islands, and…"

Stan kissed him to quiet him. "It can wait."

Ford made a soft noise of assent, and slipped off into sleep. Stan shut his eyes and listened to the sea around them, and listened to his brother's breaths, in and out. Present, irrevocably.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!